

# THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



"THERE'S NO HARM LOOKING AT THE OUTSIDE OF LETTERS," SAID THE POST-MISTRESS."

## THE CLACKITS OF INGLEBROOK HALL.

CHAPTER XI.—THE MEETING.

MR. CLACKITT seemed to have entered into a fresh atmosphere altogether, to have become another man ever since his visit to the Manor House. He spoke, he moved, he acted, as if its illustrious inhabitants were always before him, and beholding him; he affected, sometimes, what he conceived to be a military air; sometimes, a quiet, gentlemanly, and rather haughty reserve, like the General's style.

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On the whole, he sorely puzzled his poor wife, who "couldn't think," to use her own homely expression, "what had come to Thomas."

As to Rosabella, that young lady had become ten times more disagreeable than ever, and that is saying a good deal. Her mother's "vulgarity," and Priscilla's "mean-spiritedness," were the constant objects of her attack, direct or indirect; till the patience of the one was nearly exhausted, and the newly opened charity of the other nearly closed.

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PRICE ONE PENNY.

"Ha! Middleton, my good fellow," said Mr. Clackitt, one morning, "I want your advice. I was thinking—"

He stopped short, for a look of freezing astonishment successfully arrested him. He had gone too far; the tone of freedom and the slap on the back were too much, even for Mr. Middleton's forbearance.

"I—I—I quite forgot what I was going to say," he murmured out, in a crestfallen tone.

"While you endeavour to recollect it," said Mr. Middleton, gravely, "you will allow me to remind you that I want your help in the matter of Watling Will. I am anxious that no time should be lost."

"De-lighted, my dear sir," said Mr. Clackitt, who never had felt so much disposed to help Will, nor any one else, before. Will had, indeed, in this instance, done him good service, by giving him a rescue from his awkward position. "What are we to do for the poor fellow, eh? Any service I can render, I shall be most charmed to do, I'm sure."

"I have induced certain persons to meet me at the large room of the Inn. I think all are there. I have been waiting for you, to open the business."

"Wish I'd known. What a misfortune it is to be an idle man,—never in the way when wanted! I'll follow you immediately."

In his heart, Mr. Clackitt was glad that the meeting had had to wait for him, though he might have known the compliment was not paid to him, but to his money.

They walked together to the inn, as it was called, though it was in fact no more than a "Travellers' Rest," with one room tolerably large, in which all the public business of Inglebrook was carried on.

The first person that met Mr. Clackitt's eye, as they entered the room, was General Waltham. He was in earnest conversation with Mr. Thatcher, a heavy-browed, square-shouldered man, with an abundance of good sense and kind feeling in his face, the best type of an English farmer. He had no pretensions to, no aspirations after, a higher position than the one he occupied; his rent was very high, but he was always ready with it; he improved his land without spare of cost or labour; and General Waltham's steward was always loud in his commendations of him to his landlord.

Mr. Clackitt had a fit of indecision—he was troubled. He had spoken of the General, within an hour, to one or two, as if he had been on intimate terms with him; but, at the sight of him, he did not feel at all intimate, and he hardly knew how to advance. Besides, he had another difficulty, he had always been in the habit of shaking hands with Thatcher; but could he do it now? Would it not be compromising his dignity to do it before high life?

As he stood irresolute, the farmer suddenly discovered him, and, not divining the cause of his embarrassment, seized his hand with a rough shake. He then turned quickly round to continue his conversation with the General, who bowed coldly to Mr. Clackitt, and gave undivided attention to Thatcher.

Poor Mr. Clackitt felt mortified and awkward to the greatest extent. He was relieved by Mr. Middleton's asking him the time. Notice of any kind was pleasant in his circumstances.

One or two respectable landholders were added

to the party; and Mr. Middleton, having remarked that it was better to proceed to business without further delay, made a brief statement of the circumstances that had occasioned the meeting.

He first mentioned the receipt of the letter by Watling Will, adding that he had made inquiries concerning it, and that the result was a conviction that considerable property might be recovered for the poor fellow, if money could be raised to defray the necessary legal expenses. The firm which had sent the notice to Will, would advance a sufficient sum, provided they were guaranteed that it should be refunded in case of failure. That there was not a shadow of doubt as to his right, and he thought, as to his success, all who knew the case were agreed. He was willing to share in becoming security, which was the best proof he could give of its being no risk. Considerable sums of money had been sent for Will from time to time by his parents, which had been dishonestly kept back; these would now be refunded. There was much land, too, in the parish, which the carelessness of his family appeared to have squandered away, which was, however, recoverable. He would enter fully into the particulars of both these facts.

Having finished his statements, Mr. Middleton turned to General Waltham, and said, "Will you give me your name?"

"How much will be wanted?"

"That I cannot tell you now."

"Well, I should like to know before I promise."

"Oh, Mr. Middleton, you won't catch my friend in an ordinary trap. Salt on the tail won't do for him," said Sir Thomas McRocket, who had entered the room unperceived, and listened to Mr. Middleton's speech.

General Waltham gave a slight shrug of disgust.

Mr. Middleton coldly answered, "I have no desire to entrap any one, Sir Thomas."

"You may put me down when you can tell me how much," said the General, turning again to Mr. Thatcher.

"And you, Mr. Clackitt?"

"Put me down for any sum you please, my dear sir, I have the fullest reliance on you; and if I had not, I should feel it my duty, as a man of substance, to stand forward in the assistance of the unfortunate."

"Well said, my hero of a hundred fights," said Sir Thomas. "The next time I see Prince Rupert, I'll get you a commission, you have too much mettle in you for a civilian."

Mr. Clackitt smiled his most gracious smile.

"Who is this chickamaree that Middleton is raising the wind for?" said Sir Thomas to him aside.

"A pauper, my dear sir, a poor pauper, whose intellects are not so strong as they should be."

"Ah! no doubt you feel for him, then?" said the Baronet.

"I do, sir. I am always ready to assist the unfortunate. Mr. Middleton can tell you that I am always ready to throw my influence into the scale, when he wants good done in this place."

"You are a fine fellow, and ought to have a cockade in your coachman's hat. We've done business here, I should think. Suppose we take a turn in the village; you shall introduce me to the lions."

Oh, ineffable delight! To walk familiarly with a live baronet among the Inglebrook people!

General Waltham's slight was not worth a moment's thought.

"I can be of no more service, Mr. Middleton?" said the happy man, with amiable pomposity.

"Thank you, no, Mr. Clackitt. Yes, you can just put your name down, if you please; you are pledged to nothing here beyond a promise to help, when the grounds of security are satisfactorily made out."

Mr. Clackitt wrote his name.

"What a capital hand you write," said Sir Thomas, "all the letters so round, and such fine up-strokes and black down-strokes; you would do famously to write despatches."

Quite elated, Mr. Clackitt left the room, giving a careless look at those he passed, as much as to say, "You perceive that I, Mr. Clackitt, of the Hall, am walking arm in arm with Sir Thomas McRocket, Baronet, friend of General Waltham, and visitor at the Manor House!"

"I dare say Middleton's a good hand at a parish," said Sir Thomas, "but he's desperately stiff. He ought to be framed and glazed; he'd make a first-rate picture of St. Thomas A'Kempis."

Mr. Clackitt looked inquiringly.

"A very distant cousin of my wife's," said the Baronet, who saw at once that Mr. Clackitt was no better up on the subject of black coats than of red.

"Then my Lady McRocket's family were not military?"

"Not all. But do you mean to say that Middleton gets you to bear the brunt every time he wants to make a parishioner's fortune?"

"Why, you see, one must submit to the consequences of one's position," said Mr. Clackitt, with the air of a martyr. "I am the only man of substance in the parish. There are others around the neighbourhood; but they are very shy of us. I believe they think I can do everything; they talk of their own parishes, though I have liberally assisted many of their undertakings."

And so he had; for to be able to put his name down among those of great men, was a privilege worth paying for by a handsome subscription.

"Too bad, too bad! They impose upon you. You ought to have a long purse!"

"Not a very short one, I own; quite enough for an unpretending man like me," said he, with affected humility.

"Have you land here, besides your own place?"

"No. My property is almost all vested in banking speculations."

"Oh, dear, don't speculate; whatever you do, don't speculate; worst thing in the world."

"Hardly speculation; the house I am in is as safe as the Bank of England."

"Oh, yes, till it breaks."

Mr. Clackitt gave him reasons to show that, if any property was safe, his was.

"Oh, well; all right then. For one thing, I hate land, it brings you so desperately in contact with those farmer fellows. There's Waltham, now; I'll answer for it, he'll have Thatcher at his ear till dinner time. One might as well be buried in a haystack."

"I wonder," said Mr. Clackitt, "that General Waltham's steward—"

"Oh, they don't often get the master. When they do, they'd rather have him than the man. Thatcher wants great alterations made in his farm,

and he'll talk the General into it, no doubt. But I want to see your place, Clackitt. Is this new wall yours?"

Mr. Clackitt's heart beat. It was; and they soon arrived at the stables, which Sir Thomas surveyed and commended, though he suggested a few improvements, and promised to ride some of the fire out of a fine horse which Mr. Clackitt thought it incumbent on him to keep for his own use, but which he was afraid to mount. They advanced to the house, and never was a welcome more cordially bestowed than that which ushered Sir Thomas McRocket into the dwelling of Mr. Clackitt.

#### CHAPTER XII.—HIGH LIFE AT THE HALL.

THANKS to Priscilla's gentle tact, Mrs. Clackitt returned from the conservatory in her usual cheerful spirits. As she crossed the hall, she heard voices in what was called the picture gallery, and, peeping in, discovered her husband and Rosabella with Sir Thomas McRocket. The Baronet was spying at a copy of the full-length portrait of Addison, which had been sold to Mr. Clackitt as a "fancy portrait," by a rogue of an artist who had been commissioned to make some ancestors for the gallery at the Hall, and who had palmed off more than one duplicate of some "celebrities" which he had on hand; quieting his conscience by the reflection that the affront to the originals was greater than the injury to his employer.

"Quite the Clackitt expression," said Sir Thomas, who knew the portrait well.

"Ah! madam, happy to see you," he added, advancing to Mrs. Clackitt. "I am delighted with your place; really it is charming. Plenty of fresh air here, not mouldy and musty, like the venerable Manor House. I've been admiring your family portraits, ma'am. Is this on *your* side?" pointing to a considerably altered Oliver Cromwell.

"Eh, deary, sir, I don't know none of 'em," said the old lady; "but Rosy can say 'em all off quite pat, and she knows all the statutes," nodding at the marbles which adorned the gallery. The angry looks of Mr. Clackitt and Rosabella showing here that she had made some grand mistake, she took the first opportunity to retreat to her own room, there to mourn that she was so unhappy as to continue homely, when her husband and daughter had become so very fine.

After Mr. Clackitt and his illustrious companion had left the inn, and the meeting had broken up, General Waltham asked Mr. Middleton if he thought Will would really be placed in possession.

"Humanly speaking, there is no doubt of it."

"What do you mean to do with the poor fellow while the case is pending?"

"I shall not interfere with him. I don't think he could be made to understand anything, until he saw from his altered circumstances what had befallen him."

"But is he to continue in his destitute condition till he emerges at once into a man of large estates?"

"He is not destitute. Priscilla Clackitt has long taken such good care of him, that his few wants will never be more really supplied than they are now."

"It is hardly worth making this stir, then, about the property."

"Nay, right is right: besides, there is the heir-



at-law to be considered after Will; the longer the inquiry is deferred, the more expensive will the work of restitution become."

"Why does not the heir-at-law come forward as security for the expenses?"

"There are solid objections; one is, that he is at present a very poor man."

"That is enough," said the General, smiling; "but did you say Priscilla Clackitt looked after Will? Who is she,—one of that man's daughters?"

"Yes, but, excepting that she has her mother's kind heart, wholly different from her family."

"An advantage to her, I should say," remarked the General, and they parted, Mr. Middleton taking the way to the school. Sitting with her back to the door, and surrounded by a hum of voices, Priscilla could neither see nor hear him enter; and as she was in the middle of a lesson, he quietly awaited its conclusion on the form behind her.

After leaving her mother, she had hurried there, expecting to meet Mr. Middleton, for she hoped, by his help, to put an end to the possibility of the Manor House people dining at the Hall. The meeting had detained him beyond his usual hour, and she filled up the time by helping Nippy with some of the boys.

When she turned her head and found that he had been listening, she was inclined to be vexed at not having known of his presence, but his kind smile soon drove away the feeling. "Hard at work! Well, there is some pleasure in giving advice to those who are so quick in following it." Taking up the Bible she had laid down, he read a few verses to the children, and questioned them in connection with what they had just been taught. Then adding a few words of affectionate exhortation, said, "We have no right here any longer, it is closing hour;" and they left the school together.

Priscilla was a little nervous, but she determined to effect her purpose.

"Mr. Middleton, I'm afraid—that is, I think—you will repent of the kind permission you gave me to come to you when I wanted advice."

"Why so?"

"I may come too often."

"Well, when I repent, I will tell you honestly; but what is it that you have to say now? I am not tired yet."

"My mother has been telling me that my father and Rosabella are bent on asking Mrs. Waltham, and all the party at the Manor House, to dinner."

"No!" said Mr. Middleton.

"Yes," said Priscilla, "and my mother and I hope you will stand our friend, and prevent it."

"How can I? and, indeed, I don't see on what precise ground it would be objectionable."

"Don't you?" said Priscilla, looking up in his face.

"Well, yes, it would be unpleasant to you; but there would be no impropriety in it."

"Not in any case but *ours*."

"When did you hear this?"

"It was all done at breakfast, while I was out."

"Then I think your father may possibly have changed his mind since then; for General Waltham, unintentionally, merely from abstractedness, and being at the moment otherwise engaged, gave him a reception this morning almost amounting to a cut, and I think it threw him aback considerably."

"Ah, but since the meeting I saw him pass the

school with Sir Thomas McRocket, looking the picture of happiness; and the Baronet's notice would go far to make up for General Waltham's neglect."

"Perhaps so! Well, I can't prevent him from sending the invitation, but I can put a hitch in the way of its being accepted, if there should be any risk of it, which I much doubt."

"And will you?"

"Yes. But what an inhospitable little girl you are," he said, laughing.

"I hope not. It's a pity—"

"What's a pity?"

"I was going to say it's a pity we went there."

"Ah, that was my fault, as you divined. I did not look enough to consequences."

"I wish sincerely, as my poor mother does, that they had never come to Inglebrook."

"Nay, that is most unkind, and short-sighted, too. What did we agree last night—that the things which appear to us untoward are often those that work out our happiest circumstances. Why, if the Walthams had not come, you would not have dined there, and I should not have had that nice long chat which has turned us out of bowing acquaintances into cordial friends."

Priscilla smiled gratefully.

"We part here—dismiss all fears. Do what your hand findeth to do at the present moment, and leave the issue."

"How good he is!" thought Priscilla, as she continued her way.

"She is a dear child!" said Mr. Middleton, as he lifted the latch of his door.

Sir Thomas was leaving the Hall as Priscilla entered the gate. Turning aside, she waited for him to pass. Rosabella saw her from the window, and flew to tell her of all that had taken place.

"I wish you had been at home, Priscilla; he is the dearest creature; he has persuaded pa to have a billiard table put in the picture gallery; he says it is the only thing wanted to make the house complete; and he is going to give pa and me lessons; and he says I must ride with Miss McRocket; and he seemed quite pleased when I gave him that book of prints of the neighbourhood."

"No doubt he was," said Priscilla. "Do you mean my book?"

"Oh, I don't know whose it was; there are plenty to be had; I saw him admiring them, and of course that was enough."

"Enough for you," said Priscilla.

"If it hadn't been for ma, it would have been perfect."

"What has my mother done?"

Rosabella enlarged most pathetically upon her misdoings.

"Then, if my mother shocks you so in a mere encounter of this kind," said Priscilla, "what agonies she would cause you if you had a dinner party! You know her, Rosabella, and I wonder you should think of bringing so much pain and vexation upon her, as well as yourself."

"If she would but be silent, it would not matter. I think she looks almost as well at night as Lady McRocket."

"It is a strange state of things when a mother is required to be silent by a daughter."

"Yes, but you know why, Priscilla; she is so shockingly vulgar."

"She is not what is meant by *vulgar*, for she assumes nothing. I think when people try to pass themselves off for what they are not, *then* they are vulgar."

"Ah, it's the old story; you hate the thought of our rising in the world; all the work is left to pa and me. But I must go and write about the billiard table; Sir Thomas has given us full directions how to have it forwarded, and means to come and see it set up; isn't it kind?"

Priscilla could not tell whether it was kind or not; but Rosabella went off, humming an air, in high glee, to write her letter, to look out a drawing table and materials, an assortment of music, and other conveniences, which Sir Thomas had most kindly assured her Miss McRocket would condescend to make use of during her visit to the Manor House.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE TEA PARTY.

"Do you take sugar, Mrs. Nippy? Mr. Dawkins, hand the muffins. I hope the tea's good. Not another cup, Mr. Nippy! why, what's come to you? I'm afeared I put too much green in, but I thought you was such a body for green tea. Dawkins, do hand the muffins; there's more at the fire."

The sun in its strength could scarcely vie with the teapot out of which Mrs. Sharp was pouring tea into the gayest possible cups. The tea table, to use a common expression, "groaned" under the weight of muffins and plum-cake; the tea-tray, splendidly emblazoned with an elaborate painting of Elijah fed by ravens, was presided over by Mrs. Sharp, arrayed in her best gown of black silk, whereunto was affixed a brooch of truly colossal dimensions, and having on her head a cap trimmed gorgeously with pink bows. There not being room at the table for more than two besides the tea-maker, Mr. Solomon Nippy sat by the fire, with his pocket-handkerchief spread over his knee, and half a muffin on the top of it.

Very happy and very snug the party looked; as happy and as snug as good tea and well-buttered muffins could make them.

Mrs. Sharp was no niggard. Whatever her faults were, stinginess was not one of them. "When she *did* a thing, she *did* it 'ansome." This was her statement concerning herself, and the evening's treat bore out the truth of it.

"How folks *do* talk," said Mrs. Sharp. "A little water, Dawkins. They say, only I don't believe a word about it, as—(oh, a little more muffin! well, then, a bit of cake, *do*)—they says as there's quite a coldness at the Manor House—(Dawkins, do help yourself)—between the General and Sir Thomas McRocket, and as it's Mr. Middleton as has been making mischief there."

"I don't believe Mr. Middleton would do that anywhere," said Mrs. Nippy.

"Oh, I arn't so fond of him," said Mrs. Sharp. "He can say very ill-natured things, and do 'em, too, if he has a mind."

"It's unknown to me," answered Mrs. Nippy.

"Tisn't to us, is it, Dawkins?" said Mrs. Sharp.

"But they say as he've made mischief at the Manor House; and more than that, as there was very high words between the General and Sir Thomas, last week, as ever was."

"It's my belief," said Dawkins, "from what Betsy says"—(his sister Betsy was housemaid at the Manor House)—"it's my belief as the General

don't like Sir Thomas being so thick with the Clackitts."

"And I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Middleton's jealous of it, too," said Mrs. Sharp; "for—(only pray don't mention it, it's as much as my place is worth to tell it)—they *say* as Miss Rosy or Miss Priss is going to be married to his nephew."

"What, to Mr. Middleton's?"

"Yes, but for the world say nothing about it. Middleton is very poor, and Clackitts is very rich. That's how it is. I *got* a reason!" (with a mysterious look) "for believing it's true; only I don't care to tell everybody; but if you'll promise not to twit—"

Oh! what promises came forth from Nippy and Dawkins. The former spoke fully, the latter, being occupied with muffin, said but little, looking the rest.

"Well, then, it was Chuffer's Sarah as told me first; she come to the shop for some hair-pins, and she said, 'Mrs. Sharp,' says she, 'have you heard—'"

At that moment the envious shop bell began to jingle, and Mrs. Sharp was compelled to go. "How provoking!" she cried out; "never mind, I shall soon be back:"—and so she was.

"Well, you know Sarah was a tellin' me as her missis wasn't nigh so great at the Hall as she used to be, all because Miss Rosy had got so proud; and, as Miss Chuffer says as purse pride was the meanest kind, and as Clackitts had nothing but money to pride themselves upon; and they was so taken up with the Manor House people, as they thought they was of consequence like them; and she said as her missis quite took on about it, and as Miss Rosy won't look at her now a going out of church, but she's all for Miss McRocket, and—" (another jingle at the shop bell).

"Oh, what a bother!"—and again Mrs. Sharp went to her duty. "It's always the way when one wants a bit of quiet," said Mrs. Sharp, returning.

"Well, you know, Chuffer's Sarah—she says as it isn't for nothing as Mr. Middleton have got Clackitts into the Manor House; and as he means to make a match with one of the girls and his nephew or his cousin, she doesn't rightly know which; and she said, says she, 'Mrs. Sharp,' says she, 'is there any letters a passin' to anybody?' says she. Ah, that bell! It's enough to take away the heart out of one's body! Do stop till I come back!"

When she reached the shop she found Jane from Mr. Clackitt's, with letters for the post.

"Has the man been, Mrs. Sharp?"

"No, just in time. He'll be here this minute: let me put 'em in the box. Oh, this plague of a crack! if there isn't one gone in. It's always the way when one's in a hurry. I'm obliged to put 'em into the box for the man to take out, but he'll never have the patience to get this out."

"Well, you won't be troubled with ours much longer. We are a goin' to have a bag. Miss Rosa is quite in a way that we haven't had one before."

"Well, what's that for?"

"Ah, it's what the Manor House people do, and that's sure to be right."

"Well, how ridiclus!—I say, Jane, couldn't you just come in and sit a few minutes?—Dawkins is a takin' tea with me and Mr. and Mrs. Nippy."

"Well, I mustn't stay long, fear of Miss Rosa should want me; but I'll just come in."

And Mrs. Sharp returned with Jane to the company.

"We was a speakin' of the report, Jane, about one of the young ladies a goin' to be married."

"Ah, I hope it's Miss Rosa, then," said Jane, heartily, "for she just worrits me to death."

And here Jane gave a torrent of information with respect to that young lady which made the company lift up their hands and eyes. Mrs. Nippy alone said that she ought to leave off telling things out of the house.

But Jane did not leave off; she took the round of the family, giving as fair a mixture of truth and falsehood as gossips generally do.

"And you don't know anything about one of 'em a goin' to be married?"

"Well, no, I ain't heerd; but I'm not surprised; only I should think it was most like to be Miss Priss, for she's dreadful fond of Mr. Middleton."

"Well, Chuffer's Sarah was a sayin'—"

"Chuffer's Sarah!" exclaimed Jane, with sovereign contempt, "what should she know about it?—a girl of no signification, as lives where they only keep *one*—likely as she'd know about *us*!"

"Well, Miss Chuffer tells her a deal; and it was her as put me up to notice the letters."

"What letters?"

"Why, them as comes from your house."

"Oh, I never thought o' looking at 'em. Have you seen any to anybody?"

Mrs. Sharp looked mysteriously.

"Oh, come tell us now; I know as you have."

Mrs. Sharp smiled suggestively.

"Well, now, do say!"

"Why, I *have* seen letters to 'Captain Edward Middleton,' in Miss Priss or Miss Rosa's writing. *I have*" (very impressively).

"Well, to be sure. I wonder what letters I've brought to-night. Miss Priss gave me one just as I was a comin' out. 'Here, Jane,' says she, 'make haste; I hope you won't be too late;' and she slipped the letter into my hand."

There was a movement towards the shop by Mrs. Sharp in the direction of the letter-box, when a loud ring startled them, and before the trusty deputy of the Postmaster-General had reached the counter, the errand boy from the Hall was shouting, "Is our Jane here?"

"Our Jane, indeed!" said the offended damsel; "mind your manners, you little—"

"Oh, it's no good a callin' of me names. Miss Rosy's asked for you twice, and Mrs. Pinner says as you'll catch it when you get back."

Most likely Jane thought this true, for she went home without waiting to answer.

"There's no harm," observed Mrs. Sharp, looking at her company, "in seeing the *outside* of letters, anyhow."

"No, a coorse not!" exclaimed Dawkins.

Whereupon Mrs. Sharp placed those from Mr. Clackitt's on the table.

"Here's only four to-night; *that's* for Miss Gimp; what's *this*? 'P. Donald, Esq., Chancery Lane, London.' Oh, I think that's the party as Mr. Clackitt writes to when he wants money. This is to the man as they have their porter of. I know that. Here's the one from Miss Priss—'Captain Edward Middleton, —, Bedford Square, London.' Well, how curious! and this isn't the *first*," said Mrs. Sharp, with emphasis. "Who says as there isn't something a goin' on?"

"It is a singular hincident," said Nippy. "There

is no conviviality of sentiment between Mr. Middleton and the Clackitt family; except, indeed, Miss Priscilla; and I think she, in a great degree, jumps with him."

"Do she, indeed?" said Mrs. Sharp. "Well, I thought as she never did nothin' wrong; but that's the way wi' your over good people, very often."

"I seen 'em a deal together," said Dawkins, "a walkin' up and down that lane. Why! I counted fourteen times, only yesterday."

"Well, if it's no harm in it, it's strange to me what *can* be in this letter."

"That's not apparent from the exterior," said Nippy.

"No," said Mrs. Sharp, "I wish it were. But it's no business of our'n," she added, with a half-inquiring look.

"No," said Nippy, faintly.

"No," echoed Dawkins, in the same tone.

Not meeting with any encouragement, Mrs. Sharp laid down the letter. The castigation lately received by Nippy and Dawkins had cured them, for the present at any rate, of opening envelopes—indeed, Mrs. Nippy was quite prepared to refuse assistance, if her husband required it of her.

"As to Miss Priss doing anything wrong, Mrs. Sharp, I'm certain positive she wouldn't and couldn't," said Mrs. Nippy; "hear how she teaches the children! Why, it's beautiful to listen to; and she never minds trouble, nor weather, nor nothing."

"No," said Nippy; "she ventures forth on most inclement morns. Yet a juvenile indiscretion is not incompatible with incontestable virtue, Rebecca."

"If you mean she could be writing to a gentleman, and her parents know nothing about it, I'm certain positive as it's what Miss Priss wouldn't do."

The gentle Rebecca said this with such firmness and force, that no contradiction was offered. The subject now gave way to others, in which many of the Inglebrook people were made to think, say, and do things entirely beyond their conception. At length the hour struck, and on Mrs. Nippy's suggesting to her husband that it was time to go, they separated.

Mrs. Sharp turned once more to the letter. What if she kept it back, and let it go by the next day's post? It often happened that letters were detained—*this* might be detained; at any rate she might try it. Happily, the postman came at that moment, and her heart failed her; so she gave it with the others, determined to watch for the next, and, if possible, to get acquaintance with the inside of it.

## ESSAYS ON TEXTS.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES.

TAKING TITHE OF MINT AND RUE.

"Woe unto you, Pharisees! for ye tithe mint and rue and all manner of herbs, and pass over judgment and the love of God: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."—LUKE xi. 42.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone."—MATTHEW xxiii. 23.

In these sadly severe sentences of Christ, which are somewhat pedantically called the eight woes, we see the miscarriage of religion in his own day, and learn a lesson which the most scrupulous Christian cannot read, mark, and learn too deeply.

It is not for us to stand by and see, with more or



less irresponsible relish, the whip laid upon professors of piety. It has a long lash, and reaches us as well as the Pharisees of old.

I will try to show how the sentences of our text may teach us, not only in what are called matters of religion, but in the conduct of all life and the discharge of all duty.

It is obviously most applicable in religion. The Pharisees are the chief representatives of religion in the gospel history, and reappear, or rather, I should say, never cease to exist, in all places and at all times. Perhaps some of you may think that as the censure of our Lord was aimed at those religious persons who were conspicuous for minute ceremonial observances, it now fits most closely those among us who set much store by ritual punctiliousness. It is not my purpose here to touch on controverted points. But this I may say, while approving of decent ritual, that the best is nothing more than the fringe of the garment of worship. And whatever may be said by others, I dare not say that the grace of God, the essence of the religious office, is dependent on the arrangement of mere words, or the details of ritual.

The speech of Jesus in which he rebukes the Pharisees for their ceremonial scrupulousness has, however, a far wider range than religious ritual. It points to the right and wrong way of putting our duties. Some people put them the wrong end first, giving more prominence to that which, when the chief business is looked after *aright*, will generally and naturally follow. The failures mostly arise from two causes—one a deliberate desire of display, or a regard to appearance as the chief thing—the other a careless negligence to inquire the purpose of any deed or cause of action.

Some people try merely to show off. Others are impotent or trifling in their work, because they do not realise to themselves what it is they want to do.

Both neglect the *law* of our text, which is illustrated by the conduct of the Pharisees, who were punctilious about small things which *seemed to indicate* the desire of obedience, and yet neglected the great matters in which their obedience was really tested.

I say the law of our text, for it reaches far beyond the case in point, and wherever neglected, involves a departure from the true and Christ-like way of doing whatever has to be done. These departures from the law of life occur in all the branches of its conduct. It is well for us to perceive that they so occur. A principle is seen to be wrong when it is illustrated by a fault in religion, or in recognised morality; but we do not so readily perceive our departure from it in other matters. And yet any, the homeliest departure from a Christian principle, is mischievous, for it so far lowers our power to live as members of Christ, children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.

I will try to show what I mean by a few commonplace illustrations, leaving you to decide whether they may be referred to a desire of display or to culpable negligence in realising the chief purpose of the work which has to be done.

Take the case of a gardener. Some gardeners raise good fruit and vegetables, but their gardens are untidy. Others are scrupulously neat, but their produce is scanty or undersized. Now the first object of a gardener is to raise fruit and flowers. To do these he must look after the heavy work of the garden. He must dig deep and dung plentifully, prune with decision, and exercise his best judgment

in the choice of seeds and plants. This is the chief thing. This he will do and not leave the other undone. If *really good*, he will add a commentary of neatness to his work.

Take the case of a carpenter. One man will make his work square and his joints tight, but leave it somewhat rough. Another will look to the finish of his work, but the windows will not shut well and the fastenings will work loose. The good carpenter will work square and tight, and finish well too. He will, however, not make the finish the chief thing.

Take the case of dress. The object of dress is to secure warmth and decency. Ornament is not the chief thing. Some make it so. The result is what they fancy to be ornamental, though it serve the purpose of protection neither from cold nor from indecency. But I suppose it is conceivable that the chief purpose of dress may be effectual, and yet the effect may be becoming.

Take the case of festivity. Some people give good meat and drink in needlessly poor vessels. Others give bad wine in fine cups, and poor meat on rich plates. I think we should all agree that, however effective the accessories of the feast may be made to be, good food is, as far as the meal itself is concerned, the chief thing.

Again, take the case of language. Some people use great words with small sense. They are neither instructive nor entertaining. The best language, however, is both sensible and attractive.

Again, there are people who are penny wise and pound foolish. I might give you fifty illustrations. In them, and in all I have given, I could show how the law of our text, "these things ought ye to have done, and not leave the other undone," is not confined to the ritual of religion, or matters of accepted morality, but embraces the conduct of our lives in many things which seem to some to lie beneath the principles of Christianity. But there is no escape from Christian obligation in any matter. No matter is too small or too secular to lie beneath the laws of God, the laws of right, of which our Lord was continually giving the most homely illustrations.

There is nothing we have to do in which we shall not do better by acting on the law of our Lord, "these things ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone." And as we realise this, as we accustom ourselves to a conscientious respect for this principle, so we shall the more easily keep it before us in the graver matters of life, in discharge of our Christianity in its highest, most divine application; we shall be delivered from the grievous fault of the Pharisees who in obedience to the law which ordered a tenth of all produce to be devoted, as we say, to God, tithed the commonest garden herbs, and neglected the great laws of God.

We shall be in the way of deliverance from that exaltation of the *minutiae* of worship which makes a man careful to kneel, respond, and carry himself altogether accurately in the performance of his devotions, and go away so full of comfortable success as to leave no room in him for judgment, mercy, and faith. Without these the holiest words from the most consecrated lips are but the tinkling of a cymbal—mere prettiness of sound, no more. Without justice and mercy, the most rigorous self-denial in the ordering of the course of daily life, the most exhaustive renunciation of bodily comfort and worldly possession, are declared to be nothing.

This is what God wills, as in the verse from

Micah, to which our Lord evidently referred in our text: "What doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

The object of devotion, specially perhaps of public devotion, is not merely to observe a complimentary attitude towards God, nor even to secure a certain share of safety to our own souls and bodies, but to realise the fact of our all being responsible to God in the conduct of our lives, and for help in this to seek Divine grace, in the exercise of faith, in His presence to whom all things are naked and open.

This is the aim of all religious observances, all Christian effort. We who worship must keep that before us. That is the chief thing. The others may follow,—such as decorous discharge of our devotions, decency and order, nay, even beauty—for God's works are beautiful—in the conduct of what we call "divine service." But *really* divine service is much larger than that which has almost monopolised the name.

It is offered in our work, especially in the way we do it. It is offered in our treatment of others. It

is offered in the care we take to use the great principles of Christ in the world, from which as Christians we cannot be severed; from which, if we could be severed, we should be like men who tried to sail their ship on dry land,—an unnatural attempt, sure to end in failure. The waves of this world may be troublesome, but we must pass through them, unless we are content to stand still altogether.

Let us, then, not forget how widely the law of our text reaches, how it affects the homeliest and most commonplace duties. Let us see that above all we keep it in realising what the highest Christian devotion is, and that we are most near to God, most godly, as we, not despising even the particulars of religious observance, observe judgment, mercy, and faith. Thus we escape the danger of making holy things and words, which should have been to our wealth, an occasion of falling. Thus, and then alone, we are not conformed to this world, but transform, as far as the Holy Spirit works in us, the world into heaven itself. Then, and then alone, the Bible is to us the Word of God; and the church of Christ here the gate into the paradise which shall be hereafter.

## CAMBRIDGE AND ITS COLLEGES.

BY THE REV. F. ARNOLD.

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IN the town and university of Cambridge there is just one edifice which widely predominates beyond all other structures. We need hardly say that this is the renowned chapel of King's College. It is the greatest ornament of Cambridge; we might also add that it is one of the greatest ornaments of Christendom. It is a perpetual memorial of that meek and unhappy monarch, King Henry VI, and is closely connected with his great educational institution which he dedicated to "Our Lady of Eton." Just as Winchester and New College, Oxford, had been associated by William of Wykeham, so King Henry desired that Eton should be a nursery for his royal college in that university of Cambridge which he had always so greatly loved. It has fared with King's College just as it has fared with Christ Church, Oxford. The vast plan has been greatly marred and curtailed; if either plan had been fully carried out, Europe would have acknowledged the grandest of all Christian colleges; but even in the half-wrecked design and unfinished proportions there is discovered an extraordinary beauty and grandeur. The civil wars and the unhappy fate of Henry prevented the accomplishment of his design, save that the chapel so far approached completion that it was without difficulty finished by his successors. Had the original design been accomplished, we should have had the most sumptuous series of such buildings in England. Whatever may be the boasts of the nineteenth century, men once knew better how to build than we do in these days. King Henry's will remains, in which he enters most explicitly into all matters connected with his college, in which he says, "I will that my said college be edified of the most substantial and best abiding stuff of stone, lead, glass, and iron, that may best be had and provided thereto." Some time ago a small portion of the main wall originally erected by King Henry was discovered, and was found to be on a scale of astonishing solidity. But though the magnificent plan broke down so entirely in the

crumbling fortunes of the king, still "Henry's holy shade," as Etonian Gray writes, is vividly recalled by this most magnificent of all chapels which enshrines his name and fragrant memory.

Originally the king, in 1441, had only founded a small college for a rector and twelve scholars, but he afterwards enlarged the plan. It is said that the king's physician was chiefly instrumental in inducing him to form the great foundation. This second and enlarged plan had made some progress before the foundation of the chapel was laid. It is supposed that King Henry VI himself laid the foundation-stone under the north-west tower on St. James's Day, 1446. It was the king's design to have built a magnificent court and cloister on a scale corresponding with the chapel. There was to have been a vast gateway tower, and a covered gallery carried down to the river. King Edward IV proceeded indeed with the erection of the chapel, but, on the other hand, he robbed it of a large proportion of the liberal endowments which Henry had bestowed upon it. He wished to be called the founder, despite his despoliation, but the wish came to no result,—unlike Henry VIII, who robbed Christ Church, and is yet enrolled as its founder. The title of second founder, or at least of restorer, is more justly due to King Henry VII, whose magnificent architectural taste has left so many evidences. Before his time the works had stood unfinished for three-and-twenty years. In the seventh year of Henry VIII the outside structure was completed. The painted windows, the screen, and the stalls, were subsequently added.

It has been said that ten years would not be too much for the study of this wonderful chapel. This is of course a great exaggeration, but an exaggeration which contains a truth. There is no moment in Cambridge life which more deeply impresses a man than when for the first time he passes within the portal of King's College Chapel. That chapel is one vast nave, and the long-drawn perspective, with



soaring roof and painted glass, produce what is little less than a really overwhelming effect.

This has been acknowledged and described many times. We must at least give two of Wordsworth's three sonnets on the chapel:—

torical connection with Milton's Cambridge days when he doubtless often visited King's Chapel.

"But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale;  
And love the high embow'd roof,



KING'S COLLEGE AND THE RIVER CAM.

"Tax not the royal saint with vain expense,  
With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—  
Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
Of white-robed scholars only—this immense  
And glorious work of fine intelligence!  
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore  
Of nicely calculated less or more;  
So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof,  
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality.

"What awful perspective! while from our sight  
With gradual stealth the lateral windows hide  
Their Portraits, their stone-work glimmer, dyed  
In the soft chequerings of a sleepy light.  
Martyr, or King, or sacred Eremita,  
Whoe'er you be, that thus, yourselves unseen,  
Imbue your prison bars with solemn sheen,  
Shine on, until ye fade with coming light!  
But, from the arms of silence—list! O list!  
The music bursteth into second life;  
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed  
By sound or ghost of sound, in mazy strife;  
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye  
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy!"

There is also a familiar and most noble passage in Milton's "Il Penseroso," which best finds its his-

With antique pillars massy proof,  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light:  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced choir below,  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all heaven before mine eyes."

We must now briefly examine this splendid edifice according to our architectural lights. The exterior view is certainly not so grand as that of the famous interior, but still it is exceedingly fine and remarkable. The structure belongs to what is called the Perpendicular order of architecture, of which it is the latest and the most sumptuous example. At each angle there is a lofty octagonal tower, and on either side are eleven buttresses, terminated in crocketed pinnacles. In the lower stages of the buttresses there are eighteen side chapels, or, as they were formerly called, chantries. The chief interest of these chantries is in the interior, for, externally, they rather hinder the effect of the massive buttresses. As we first pass within the portal, we are struck with the glories of the majestic roof. The fretted vault of finest tracery is unsustained by a single pillar. The roof is vaulted into twelve divisions, and in the centre of each is a pendent keystone, terminating alternately in roses

and portcullis. This beautiful structure seems self-poised; yet each keystone would weigh more than a ton. Over the stone roof is a timber roof, firmly constructed, and between the two there is room for a man to walk upright. A splendid view is here attainable of the panorama of all Cambridge, lying outspread as an open map before the eye. As we said, the chapel is really one vast nave, divided in the centre by a screen, which separates the chapel proper and the anti-chapel. On this screen stands organ-loft and organ. The organ-loft, of curious carved oak, was erected when Anne Boleyn was queen. The west side has some lovers' knots, and the arms of Anne Boleyn impaled with those of the king. A few years ago the organ was thoroughly repaired at the expense of two thousand pounds. The bellows, according to an ingenious machinery, are worked by water power. We enter the choir, or chapel proper, paved with black-and-white marble, and raised two steps, through folding doors. On either side we see the stalls, carved with the arms of all the kings of England, from Henry v to James I, with the arms of the universities and the arms of the two colleges, Eton and King's. At the entrance to the choir is the fine brass reading-desk.

The painted glass in the windows might well require and repay a separate article. There are twenty-five of these, in an artistic point of view, absolutely invaluable, one of the costliest and most elaborate legacies bequeathed us by the age of Henry VII and Henry VIII. They are all, except the last two windows, in a state of excellent preservation, and are incomparable for artistic design and brilliancy of colour. For all the details we must refer to the local guide-books. The subjects are more than a hundred in number. Many of the windows, each separated by mullions into five lights, show in the upper lights Old Testament subjects, and in the lower lights, marked off from the upper by stone transoms, New Testament subjects, on the principle of type and anti-type. The east window represents the Crucifixion; the west window is left plain. On the tops of all the windows we shall find in tracery the rose and portcullis, the *fleur-de-lis*, the crown on a hawthorn bush, the pomegranate, initials, badges, cognizances of Henry VII and his queen, and Henry VIII and Katharine of Arragon. The panelled walls of the ante-chapel are also ornamented with stone-carved work, consisting of niches, the arms and supporters of Henry VII, with numerous roses, portcullises, and *fleurs-de-lis*, all crowned. Among the chantries, that of Provost Hacombleyn is very noticeable; it has some beautiful and very old painted glass, especially an authentic portrait of Henry VI; there is a fine monument here to the memory of the son of the great Duke of Marlborough. There is daily choral service in the chapel. Very large sums have been expended by the college on these buildings, and if this money had been wisely laid out, the edifices might have been completed in all the perfection of the original design. The most successful part of the new buildings is the Provost's Lodge, an excellent example of what is called the Domestic Tudor; it has some noble rooms with embayed windows. The Fellows' Buildings, a sort of Italianised Gothic, built of Portland stone, is incongruous to a degree when compared with the old structures, though entitled to the trite epithets of handsome and comfortable. The hall has an elaborate oriel, with armorial bearings in stained glass of the best fashion of the Cambridge halls, and the book-

cases of carved oak in the library contain a very valuable collection of books, with many rare copies.

King's College is affiliated to Henry the Sixth's great foundation of Eton College, originally called "the college of the Blessed Mary of Eton beside Windsor." For centuries it was customary for a few scholars, never more than three or four a year, to be chosen to close scholarships at King's College, and in due course to close fellowships. These fellowships were obtained without any necessity for the Eton man to make an appearance in the competitive examinations. Perhaps none regretted this state of things more than the Eton men themselves, for from their position at the head of Eton they were peculiarly likely to distinguish themselves in the classical tripos. All this is now changed. The great college is no longer confined to some fifteen scholars sent up from a school, unamenable to the university, and to some sixty or seventy fellows. The King's men now go in for the examinations, and generally do very well. By the statute of 1861 the foundation consists of forty-six fellows, and not less than forty-eight scholars, governed by a provost. Twenty-four scholarships are appropriated to the scholars of Eton College.

King's College numbers many illustrious men on the rôle of her *alumni*. Its ecclesiastical patronage is large and valuable, and has provided for many distinguished clergymen. Many of them have arisen to the episcopal bench, among whom is that great writer, Bishop Pearson. Sir Francis Walsingham, the wise, patriotic minister of Elizabeth; Lord Chancellor Camden; Edmund Waller, the poet; Archdeacon Cox, the historian; Horace Walpole; Lord Grey, the minister of the Reform Bill of 1832,—are among the illustrious sons of Eton and King's Colleges. There is one name, however, connected with King's College on which we would dwell for a little, as it brings before us half a century of Cambridge university life and an important chapter in English ecclesiastical history.

One of the most extraordinary characters that have belonged to King's College or to Cambridge was the widely known and revered Charles Simeon, who for various years was the senior fellow of the college. It may be truly said that Mr. Simeon is still a living influence in the Church of England. He brought sermon-writing, considered as an art, to a very high degree of perfection, and his numerous volumes of "skeleton sermons" were very commonly found in the libraries of young clergymen, and have created a very real, though indirect, influence upon the religious thought of the country. Mr. Simeon also formed the plan, from his own funds and funds at his disposal, of purchasing the patronage of livings in large and important localities, such as Bath, Cheltenham, Plymouth, Bradford, and presenting the preferment to earnest and right-minded men in whom he possessed confidence. It is a curious fact that the corporation of Plymouth built a theatre with the money which they had received for the patronage of St. Andrew's. This goes far to vindicate anything disrespectful that Lord Coke has said about corporations. There is something very remarkable in the account Mr. Simeon has given of his first earnest impressions in religion. In his time it was the practice at King's College—and till recently, perhaps even now, in some of the colleges—that all the members, irrespective of any feelings of fitness, should receive the Holy Communion. Such a practice can hardly be mentioned without feelings of the

utmost reprobation. In the case of Charles Simeon, however, it was attended with the happiest effects. He had hardly come into residence when he heard that in a few weeks' time he must receive the Holy Communion. More than fifty years later he thus wrote to a friend: "I understood that at division of term I must attend the Lord's Supper. *The Provost absolutely required it.* Conscience told me that Satan was as fit to go then as I; and that if I must go, I must repent and turn to God, unless I chose to eat and drink my own damnation. From that day I never ceased to mourn and pray till I obtained progressive manifestation of God's mercy in Christ in Easter week, and perfect peace on Easter day."

Mr. Simeon is one of the most beneficent influences of his age and country. He was a great man raised up by God for a great purpose. It is impossible to look back on his long career without being deeply impressed with this fact. He had his oddities and his angularities, but he was devoted, simple, generous in the highest degree, and his mind attained to great breadth and ripeness. He was, like Apollon, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures. He underwent the greatest obloquy and persecution on the subject of his ministerial career. At Trinity Church, when he was incumbent, the pew-holders put locks on their pews, and when Mr. Simeon brought forms into the aisles the churchwardens turned them out of the church. Various undergraduates, with bad manners hardly credible, would attend service with the deliberate intention of creating a disturbance. On one occasion Mr. Simeon brought the matter before the Vice-Chancellor; and an undergraduate was obliged on a Sunday evening, publicly to read a paper begging pardon for having disturbed the congregation, and thanking Mr. Simeon for not exacting a severer punishment. On this occasion, as might have been expected, there was a very large attendance of gownsmen. It is remarkable to contrast with the universal obloquy at the commencement, the reverence and regard which was manifested when he passed away from this world. He was buried in the Fellows' Vault of King's College Chapel. The funeral might be called a public one. The shops were closed, the college lectures were suspended, the procession of mourners, three or four abreast, nearly extended round the four sides of the quadrangle. "On entering the west door of the chapel," wrote Dr. Dealtry, "I was struck by the multitudes of persons who filled the nave. Men, women, and children, all, so far as I observed, in mourning, and very many giving proof that they were real mourners by their sighs and their tears. . . . Turning to my old recollections, I could scarcely have believed it possible that Mr. Simeon could thus be honoured at his death. His very enemies, if any of them lived so long, seemed now to be at peace with him."

Many are the anecdotes which are related of Mr. Simeon, and very strong was the imprint which he made on the Cambridge life of his time. He was a great precisian, particular and peculiar, but all this was to be traced to principle. We are told, in the life of Henry Venn Elliott, of Brighton, how, when he called on him at King's College, Mr. Simeon greeted him: "Have you rubbed your feet on the door-mat, my dear brother?—then come in, my dear brother, come in." Once he found that there was a penny wrong in his accounts. He was unable to set it right, and called in a professional accountant,

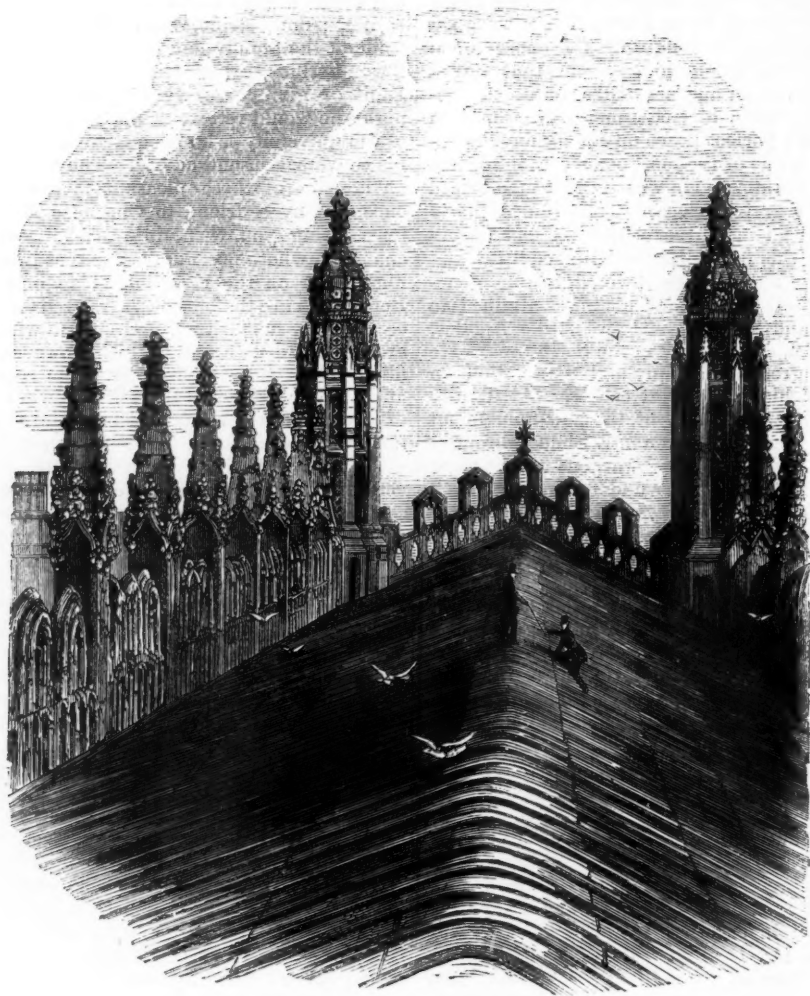
to whom he gave a cheque for twenty pounds for detecting the error. He was a great friend of Henry Martyn's, and had his picture hung up over the fireplace in his room. He used to look at it with affectionate earnestness: "There! see that blessed man! What an expression of countenance! No one looks at me as he does—he never takes his eyes off me; and seems always to be saying, 'Be serious, be in earnest; don't trifle, don't trifle.'" Then he would smile at the picture and gently bow, and add, "And I won't trifle—I won't trifle." Mr. Simeon was in the habit of giving weekly tea-parties. Every Friday night he would receive at his rooms those members of the university who wished to avail themselves of his conversation and advice. The following is from an account of these pleasant meetings which was once sent by a friend to Charlotte Elizabeth. "I must bring you, then, into Mr. Simeon's audience chamber, where my mind's eye sees him seated on a high chair on the right-hand side of the fireplace. Before him are the benches, arranged for the occasion, occupied by his visitors. Even the window recesses are furnished with seats, which, however, are usually filled the last, notwithstanding the repeated assurances of our venerated friend, somewhat humorously expressed, that he has taken special pains to make the windows air-tight, and has even put the artist's skill to the test with a lighted candle. 'I shall be very glad,' he would say, 'to catch from you every cold that you catch from the draught of my windows.'" At the entry of each gownsman he would advance towards the opening doors, with all that suavity and politeness which you know he possessed in a remarkable degree, and would cordially tender his hand, smiling and bowing with the accomplished manners of a courtier. As soon as the ceremony of introduction was complete, Mr. Simeon would commence the business of the evening. I see him even now, with his hands folded upon his knees, his head turned a little to one side, his visage solemn and composed, and his whole deportment such as to command attention and respect. Presently one, and then another, would venture with his interrogatories, each being emboldened by the preceding inquirer, till our backwardness and reserve were entirely removed.

We do not at all wonder that our novelists and poets have occupied themselves with Cambridge descriptions. Here is one from Miss Muloch's (Mrs. Craik's) pretty story of "Christian's Mistake." It might do, *mutatis mutandis*, for Christ's or Clare. "Saint Bede's is one of the most ancient of the minor colleges of Avonbridge. The foundress's sweet, pale, suffering face, clad in the close coil of the time of the Wars of the Roses, still smiles over the fellows' table in hall, and adorns the walls of combination-room. The building itself has no great architectural beauty, except the beauty of age. The courts are grey and still, and its grounds small; in fact, it possesses only the lodge garden, and a walk between tall trees on the opposite side of the Avon, which is crossed by a very curious bridge. The lodge itself is so close to the river, that from its windows you may drop a stone into the dusky, slowly rippling, sluggish water, which seems quieter and deeper there than at any other college past which it flows. . . . Avonbridge lay still deep in February snow, for it was the severest winter which had been known there for many years. But any one who is acquainted with the place must allow that it never looks better or more beautiful than in a fierce winter frost—too fierce to melt the



snow; when in early morning you may pass from college to college, over quadrangles, courts, and gardens, and your own footsteps will be the only mark on the white untrodden carpet, which lies glittering and dazzling before you, pure and beautiful as even country snow." To give one more instance: Mrs.

entitled its second founder; and among its benefactors are Archbishop Grindall and Lancelot Andrews. On festival days there is still brought forth from the college plate the silver gilt cup with the old Gothic inscription, presented by Mary de Valencia. This college presents a venerable unobtrusive front to the



ROOF OF KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE.

Oliphant, in one of her earliest stories, the "Days of my Life," makes her heroine live in a house with a garden adjacent to Corpus Christi, and watch the twinkling lights high up in the college buildings.

We will now take one of the small colleges, in its order. It shall be Pembroke, not far from King's, but in its humble and retiring ways as far removed from the splendid magnificence of King's as may be imagined. It was founded in the fourteenth century by the widow of Aymer de Valencia, Earl of Pembroke, a hero of the days of Wallace and Bruce, on whose character some of the latest flashes of the decaying genius of Sir Walter Scott were spent, in his final tale of "Castle Dangerous." Henry vi did so much for the college that he might justly be

street, but when we explore it we find a lovely picture in the retired second court, which is nearly covered with ivy. When Queen Elizabeth passed by this college in one of her progresses, she exclaimed, "*Oh domus antiqua et religiosa.*" Perhaps, as the queen uttered these words, she thought of Bradford, Rogers, and Ridley, all members of this college, who had suffered martyrdom in her sister's reign. Portraits of Ridley and Bradford hang up in the hall, panelled with Elizabethan wainscoting. Bishop Ridley was master of the college. From the number of its bishops, indeed, Pembroke has been called *Collegium Episcopale*. But this small college has some of the greatest names in English history. It boasts of that great poet Edmund Spenser, and that great statesman William Pitt. We have mentioned

how Gray the poet removed here; and Pembroke boasts another poet, whose works are still read with pleasure, Mason. He was a former fellow, and his portrait, by Sir Joshua, is in possession of the society. It is hardly necessary to say that there are portraits of those illustrious members, Spenser, Gray, and William Pitt. The college some time ago did itself honour by inviting Mr. Adams, the contemporaneous discoverer, with Le Verrier, of the planet Neptune, to become one of its fellows. The chapel and a third court were built from a design by Sir Christopher Wren, the funds being furnished by his illustrious uncle, Bishop Wren. The library, which takes up the north side of the first court, has ten thousand volumes, choice and well-classed, with some MSS. In the fellows' garden there are some curious waterworks, and a long and fine gravel walk. At the south wall it is accounted one of the warmest winter walks in the university. There may also be seen here a brick building, which is a hollow sphere, wherein thirty persons may be seated, constructed to illustrate the mechanism of the earth in its daily and yearly path. Altogether Pembroke is an exceedingly pleasant little college, and its fellowships possess the enviable distinction of being remarkably good.

### CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

#### I.

EVERYBODY knows what is commonly meant by circumstantial evidence. The fact, perhaps, is not so generally recognised that it is by circumstantial evidence, more, perhaps, than by any other unacknowledged incentive, that the beliefs, and the conduct which springs from the beliefs of mankind, are regulated. All indirect testimony may be regarded as circumstantial evidence, and all that never-ending process of induction which is the proximate precedent of our most familiar acts (when these are not merely reflex and involuntary) is but a series of judgments arrived at through such evidence. These judgments generally appear to be intuitive and instantaneous, but when they are really so, it is simply because they are repetitions—verdicts, so to speak, pronounced on foregone conclusions.

The history of a single day in the experience of almost any man would show how thoroughly his actions and his conclusions are influenced and controlled by evidence of this kind. Thus, if on going out in the morning we hail a passing omnibus and the driver does not stop, we infer that the vehicle is full, and look for some other conveyance; if in the City we fall in with our morbid friend Doldrum wearing for once a face beaming with smiles, we infer that Doldrum has just met with some special good fortune; if, on the same busy spot, we find our other friend Thompson actively engaged in his vocation, we infer that we must have been deceived in the idea we had that Thompson's daughter was to have been married this morning; if on returning home we find a card on the hall table, we infer that the owner of the said card has called in our absence and left it; if, on going to church on Sunday we find the place half empty, we probably infer that there is to be a charity sermon. Simple instances of this kind might be multiplied indefinitely; what we wish the reader to notice with

regard to them is, that in all the above cases, and of course in all similar ones, the inferences *may* be false. Thus, the omnibus may not have been full, but the driver in a bad temper; Doldrum may have been grinning at a joke he had just heard; Thompson may have been early at the wedding of his daughter, and yet have come to town on urgent business; the address-card may have been brought by a servant, and the church may have been half empty because the favourite preacher was known to be engaged elsewhere. Still, though the inferences should prove to be all false, the process by which they were arrived at is not to be impeached: at any rate, we have no better guide for our daily conduct in this uncertain world, and must therefore hold fast by our inductions from indirect testimony—in other words, must act upon circumstantial evidence.

Some amusing instances are on record showing the fallacy of circumstantial testimony, which, whether true or fictitious, may well serve as illustrations. The venerable story of the doctor and his pupil is to the point. The doctor took his pupil with him, to initiate him in the mysteries of his art. Demurely seated at the bedside of the patient, he feels the sick man's pulse, counting the beats by his stop-watch. "Ha!" he says severely, "you have been eating oysters." The patient admitted he had. After writing a prescription the doctor withdrew with his pupil. "How could you possibly know," said the young man, "that he had been eating oysters?" "Why, you dolt," said the doctor, "I saw the shells under the bed." The story goes on to say that the pupil, profiting by this lesson in induction, subsequently accused a patient of eating a horse, on the ground that he saw a saddle and bridle under the bed. The joke as it stands is not a bad comment on circumstantial evidence, the caution necessary in its use, and the different conclusions to which it may lead.

An eastern story, told by a French author, illustrates still more forcibly the predicaments of the inferential process. It will bear re-quotation:—Three brethren one day wandered inland from the desert to see the country. On their road they encountered a camel-driver, who inquired of them if they had met a stray camel in the path. The eldest brother, avoiding a direct answer, asked if the camel was not blind with one eye. "Yes." The second, if she had not lost a front tooth. "Yes." The third, if she halted or limped. "It was true. She did limp." Now the owner of the beast, not doubting for a moment but what they had seen his property, asked them peremptorily where she was. "Follow on our road," said they. After a time, as they journeyed, carefully observant of the country on either hand, the eldest exclaimed, "She is loaded with wheat!" The second added, "She carries oil on the left-hand side;" and by-and-by the third chimed in, "She has a load of honey on the right." The astonished camel-driver again asked what had become of the beast, and when the three brethren declared that they had neither seen the camel, nor had any one else spoken to them of her, he became infuriated, called down the vengeance of Allah upon their duplicity, rated them for laughing at his beard and thinking a true Musulman could be duped by such an obvious cram. Finally, to settle all, he dragged them before the cadi. They were imprisoned. When called upon to explain how, being innocent, they could tell so much about the missing camel, "We observed," said they, "that on one side of the road the tufts of grass and

thistles had been eaten. There was no sign of nibbling on the other. Thus we knew the camel to be blind with one eye. Then these tufts, on examination, showed notches, which proved to us that the middle tooth of the beast was gone. And in the dust of the road we saw the mark of a trailing foot. Thus we presumed that the camel limped. Further, the foot-steps showed she was laden with grain, for the prints of the forefoot stood very near to the prints of the hind foot. This would come of the swaying or shifting of the corn. As to the oil and honey, they had each leaked out a little. The ants, on one hand, were running off with the booty, which we knew must be oil; while on the other the flies were swarming as flies only swarm on the product of the bee." The cadi let them off.

A story of a very simple kind will serve to show how summarily inferences are drawn at times, as if by instinct. A London dealer in penny pies died, and left his shop and thriving business to his widow. In due time—that is to say, after a decent interval—fascinated either by the lady or the pie-shop she owned, a couple of suitors wooed the not inconsolable relict. One of them, a very crusty baker, she dismissed curtly, and with some show of temper, for reasons best known to herself; the other she permitted to nourish hopes of one day obtaining her favour. The discarded baker, in revenge, opened an opposition pie-shop directly facing her own, and by selling larger pies at the same price drew away the best part of her custom. Dismayed at the prospect of ruin, she appealed to the favoured suitor to do whatever could be done for her relief. The young fellow gladly came to the rescue, and had soon formed his plan, in the concoction of which he (doubtless unconsciously) calculated on the universal appreciation by the public of circumstantial evidence. Watching his opportunity, he dashed into the shop of the baker one day at the critical moment when it was crowded with the devouring consumers of the cheap pies, and flinging down on the counter a couple of huge dead cats, he bawled out, "That makes twenty-five; I'll bring t'other five to-morrow afternoon;" then he deliberately walked out. As a matter of course, every customer present drew the natural inference that the cats came there to be encrusted, and that he himself was then and there eating cat-mutton. The jaws of the whole company were observed to flag simultaneously—the open mouths wouldn't shut, the shut mouths wouldn't open, and then there was a general rush to the door. The abandoned half-eaten segments of pies strewn the pavements, while the baker and his assistants, utterly dumbfounded, stood aghast at the catastrophe. The resentful man saw that his game was played out—saw but too plainly that it was impossible that he should ever make head against such a *coup des chats*. His presentiments were fulfilled. The affair got abroad, and the shop, so long as it continued open, was a horror instead of an attraction; and finally the revengeful suitor had to beat a retreat. The widow recovered her trade, and showed her gratitude by bestowing her hand on her brave deliverer.

The bearing of the preceding narratives on the subject under consideration is too obvious to need pointing out. We may cite another applicable from another point of view, and showing the invalidity of fragmentary evidence. A poet scribbled some hasty verses in praise of his sovereign. Not deeming them

worthy of preservation, he tore the paper in two and threw it away. An enemy of the poet, envious of his favour at court, found one of the pieces bearing the following lines:—

"To flagrant crimes  
His crown he owes,  
To peaceful times  
The worst of foes."

Thinking to ruin his rival, he sent the manuscript to the king. There was no need for inquiry as to who was the author of the opprobrious lines, the handwriting furnishing sufficient proof. It would have gone hard with the poet but for the timely discovery of the other portion of the severed sheet, which was only made just in time to save the writer from condign punishment. When the two torn pieces of paper were reunited the verse ran thus:—

"Tyrants are prone to flagrant crimes:  
To clemency his crown he owes.  
To concord and to peaceful times  
Ambition is the worst of foes."

The evidence of the poet's truth and loyalty furnished by the entire paper was, it will be observed, just as strong, and no stronger, than the contrary evidence furnished by the single fragment. This well-known fiction is remarkably suggestive of certain facts which have transpired in courts of justice.

In times not so very remote circumstantial evidence seems to have been regarded in a very different light from what it is now. The tendency among unreflecting persons to jump at once to conclusions is the same now as it was in days past, and we see that tendency exemplified almost every day of our lives; nowhere perhaps is it more lamentably apparent than among that numerous class of our executive, whose duty it is to hunt up evil-doers and bring them to justice, and who are constantly failing in their endeavours through seeking to verify their own hasty, ill-considered judgment, which so often beguiles them into a false track. Happily, however, we have learned by experience to weigh the nature of evidence, whether circumstantial or direct, more accurately, and to test it more scientifically than our forefathers did or could.

In looking back upon the precedents afforded by our judicial records, we are painfully shocked, and with abundant reason, at the terrible alacrity with which verdicts were pronounced, and that often upon evidence of the most absurd character, and which in the present day would be rejected with reprobation and contempt. Thus Roger North relates that at an assize at Exeter a poor old woman was arraigned as a witch before his relative, Chief Justice North. To the jury and judge the case was clear as the sun. A neighbour swore that on a certain day she saw a black cat jump into the cottage window of the accused. Now at that time the enemy of mankind was supposed to go about in the shape of a black cat. The half-crazed, bewildered old woman could not take upon herself to contradict the general creed—she agreed with it, and admitted that the cat was the devil. The inference, of course, was that she had dealings with the evil one, that, in a word, she was a witch—and in consequence of her own admission, she was convicted and hanged. The same authority informs us of the methods in use for the detection of witches: "The suspected person was stripped and seated on a high stool, so that



the feet could not touch the ground; if the imps, whom she was, as a witch, in the habit of suckling, came for their nourishment, their appearance was conclusive, and she was condemned accordingly." It was never ascertained, however, that such imps did appear even in a single instance; and, failing their appearance, some other test became indispensable. The other test was the visible uneasiness of the sitter during the ordeal. If the poor old creature, unable to steady herself with her dangling feet, could yet manage to keep quite still through the long weary hours of the trial, she got off scot free; but if she moved and shifted about, as she was almost sure to do under the circumstances, it was inferred that the devil was at work in her, and that sagacious inference was virtually a sentence of death. Even the great Chief Justice, Sir Matthew Hale, could accept evidence of the most absurd and preposterous kind, and act upon it. A labouring man having refused some herrings to a couple of poor old women who begged them, took it into his head that in revenge they had bewitched his children. He brought a quantity of pins and nails at the trial, swore that his children had spat them up (which is likely enough if they had, as children will do, first crammed them into their mouths), and that the old women had tormented them for weeks in the shape of a bee and a mouse. Sir Matthew Hale sat thirteen hours, labouring to arrive at the truth in this wretched business, and ended by sentencing the poor friendless old creatures to execution—and executed they were. Not relying solely on his own judgment, he called in the most skilful in the craft to give him their aid. One of them, a Dr. Brown, of Norwich, declared that pins and nails were frequently administered by witches, and gave it as his own opinion that the devil in such cases *did work upon the bodies of men and women by a natural inundation*. The apologists of Judge Hale, who was certainly a wise and good man, free him from all blame, on the ground that he did not make the law, he only administered it. We do not want to be hard upon his memory; we can but wish, however, that for the sake of his own reputation, and of humanity, he had sifted and weighed the evidence adduced against the poor forlorn victims, the absurdity of which evidence must assuredly have struck him.

The testimony of circumstances is accounted, and ever must be accounted, to have overwhelming weight when *indisputable* facts combine to substantiate certain *alleged* facts. It is true that circumstantial evidence may, as we have seen above, mislead; but it is also true that direct testimony is even more liable to mislead—for, as Chief Baron Pollock remarked in his summing-up at the trial of Kohl, the Plaistow murderer, "direct testimony is always open to the suggestion that the witnesses are perjured, or have not spoken the truth; and you never can be absolutely and positively certain that that is not the case." And again in the same summing-up: "It is a great misfortune when an innocent man is found guilty of a crime; but that misfortune has oftener occurred upon direct testimony than upon circumstantial evidence." In subsequent papers we shall illustrate the truth of these remarks, and shall endeavour to show by example that justice is secured, or is defeated, not merely by the nature of the evidence adduced, but by the wise caution and deliberate sagacity brought to bear in testing it thoroughly—or by the absence of such caution and sagacity.

## Varieties.

**MEDICAL ACCURACY OF CHARLES DICKENS.**—How true to nature, even to their most trivial details, almost every character and every incident in the works of the great novelist, whose dust has just been laid to rest, really were, is best known to those whose tastes or whose duties led them to frequent the paths of life from which Dickens delighted to draw. But none, except medical men, can judge of the rare fidelity with which he followed the great Mother through the devious paths of disease and death. In reading "Oliver Twist" and "Dombey and Son," or "The Chimes," or even "No Thoroughfare," the physician often felt tempted to say, "What a gain it would have been to physic if one so keen to observe and so facile to describe had devoted his powers to the medical art!" It must not be forgotten that his description of hectic (in "Oliver Twist") has found its way into more than one standard work in both medicine and surgery (Miller's "Principle of Surgery," second edition, p. 46; also Dr. Aitkin's "Practice of Medicine," third edition, vol. i., p. 111; also several American and French books); that he anticipated the clinical researches of M. Dax, Broca, and Hughlings Jackson, on the connection of right hemiplegia with aphasia (*vide* "Dombey and Son" for the last illness of Mrs. Skewton); and that his descriptions of epilepsy in Walter Wilding, and of moral and mental insanity in characters too numerous to mention, show the hand of a master. It is feeble praise to add that he was always just, and generally generous, to our profession. Even his descriptions of our Bob Sawyers, and their less reputable friends, always wanted the coarseness, and, let us add, the *unreality*, of Albert Smith's; so that we ourselves could well afford to laugh with the man who sometimes laughed at us, but laughed only as one who loved us. One of the later efforts of his pen was to advance the interests of the East London Hospital for Children; and his sympathies were never absent from the sick and suffering of every age.—*British Medical Journal*.

**BE EXPLICIT, PLEASE.**—The following advertisement appeared lately in the "Times":—"Board (partial) and home comforts required, at or after midsummer, and accessible from the city, in the house of a widow lady, or where there are gentlemen or children, by an English Protestant, mercantile gentleman, 36 (a widower last year), of cheerful disposition but quiet habits, who does not smoke nor stay out late, is never ill, gives no parties and little trouble, wants first and last meals daily, and all (cold dinner not objected to) on Sundays. Plain good fare. Can wait a removal, but if genial society offers a good bed room only needed. State if separate table and sitting room are wished, number, etc., of family, if musical, a library, garden, and any special domestic or local advantages, means of access, and monthly terms. Be explicit please, but aged folks (alone) crabby, needy, fast or loose people, lodging-housekeepers, and foreigners need not reply. References exchanged." The "Times" seldom makes blunders, but the advertisement immediately preceding this earnest inquirer after "home comforts," ran as follows:—"Board, in a family.—Wanted, for the widow of a colonel in the army, Board in a family. A large bed room indispensable. A clergyman's family where there are daughters (not children) preferred. No unmarried lady, boarding, or lodging house need apply. Terms £000 a year, exclusive of wine."

**ZYMOTIC DISEASES.**—Of the infectious diseases classed as zymotic (from the Greek *zymos*, leaven), in the Registrar-General's returns, small-pox claimed 7,084 victims in England and Wales in 1864, and this number has since diminished year by year to 2,052 in 1868. In Ireland small-pox has almost ceased to be a destroyer of life. It killed 854 persons in 1864, 461 in 1865, 194 in 1866, 21 in 1867, and 23 in 1868. In Scotland the mortality from it reached 1,741 in 1864, and had sunk to 100 in 1867. In all three divisions fever stands first on the list of zymotic diseases, and scarlet fever second. In the five years, and in the whole of the kingdom, fever destroyed 141,465 lives and scarlet fever 120,793. It is not too much to assume that every one of these deaths represented seven illnesses. But the magnitude of the operation of zymotic disease as a cause of human misery cannot be adequately estimated by the mortality arising from individual maladies. In the five years under consideration the deaths referred to the various members of the

group amounted to nearly three quarters of a million (712,593), and the illness would not be much short of 5,000,000 cases. We may, therefore, say that in the United Kingdom a million of persons are every year stricken down by some form of zymotic disease, that 140,000 of those so stricken die speedily, and that a large number of the survivors are seriously injured in mind, body, or estate. Blindness, deafness, imbecility, ugliness, pauperism, all go to swell the doleful catalogue of the results; and to complete the picture it must be remembered that most, if not all, of this suffering and loss is due to preventable causes. The great prevalence of zymotic diseases, or at least of the more fatal members of the group, will be stopped as soon as public opinion calls upon individuals to forego the fatal liberty of propagating them. Their original causes have hitherto defied scrutiny, and it is still a moot point whether they can be generated *de novo*. But the conditions under which they are diffused are at least partially known; and so far as they are known, may be to a great extent controlled. To save every year a million of persons from sickness and a seventh of that number from death is now the mere dream of the sanitarian. Perchance some study of the returns we have quoted, and of other similar evidence, might convert the speculations of the medical philosopher into the practical ambition of the statesman.—*Times*.

**VICEREGAL ETIQUETTE AND BARBARIC STATE.**—It seems to me that people here have always had a tendency to the opinion that we, the governing race, must submit to the etiquette of the people whom we rule; that we are bound to make all sorts of display, and to try to overpower the native by convincing him of his own insignificance. We accordingly surround ourselves with a sort of atmosphere of etiquette, forgetting that, when we have done our best, the most miserable of the zemindars, or petty nobility, can, and does, beat us hollow on the ground of outward magnificence. He comes up to see me with elephants, horses, dancing-girls, etc., is covered with jewels from head to foot, is dressed in cloth of gold, while I sit quietly in a black coat and waistcoat, and, though I have a guard about me, aides-de-camp in uniform, etc., make a very inferior show. . . . I am spending but a lonely Christmas here in this great rambling house. I long for a child to romp with; but, instead of that, no sooner do I open my door than up start four or five men in scarlet dresses, who are waiting my commands, and if I move about the house one of them is sure to follow me. Poor Lord Elgin said that he felt like what he could imagine a lunatic would feel with his keeper always close to him. It is not etiquette to go out without an aide-de-camp, and when I ride or drive, an escort of cavalry follows me; while in Government House there are, heaven knows why, sentries at the bottom and top of the staircase. It looks very much as if I was under watch and ward, only I find that I can pass these sentries, and go out if I like.—*Viceregal Experiences, by Sir W. Denison*.

**"TO INTERVIEW."**—The verb "to interview," which has been lately conjugated in all its moods and tenses by American correspondents, is, it seems, not a Transatlantic invention after all. It occurs in a passage in "Hall's Chronicle," which was printed in 1542, and claims, therefore, a higher antiquity than the noun, which we use without hesitation. Another Americanism, "to excur," *i.e.*, to go on an excursion, has a similar history, and is said to have been employed by Harvey some time before William Brown introduced the word excursion in his "Britannia's Pastorals." As "excur" is framed after the analogy of "incur," "occur," and "concur," there seem to be no other reasons against its adoption than that the latter words are never used in their literal signification, and that we can readily express our meaning without recourse to such an archaism. Americans frequently say (and with some truth) that in their language have been preserved many old English words which the passion for Johnsonian diction has banished from our conversation; but we doubt whether the remark applies to the samples we have noticed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

**SKELETON LEAVES.**—The leaves, seed-vessels, or other parts of plants which are required to be dissected should be steeped in rain-water; and they should be left exposed to its influence until the whole of the soft or pulpy matters are decomposed. The period required for this operation varies very much in different leaves, according to their texture; thus, some require but a few weeks, others as many months. When the pulpy parts are completely decomposed, the next operation consists in their removal from the fibro-vascular network with which they were originally connected. This requires much care and patience. There are two ways of accomplishing it; one consists in carefully exposing the leaves and other parts to a stream of fresh water, using at the same time a brush; and the other by simply

placing them in fresh water and removing with care the decomposed portions, in like manner, with a brush. Some difficulty will be found at first in doing this without at the same time breaking the fibro-vascular network; but a little practice will soon render it easy of accomplishment. The adoption of simply fresh water and a stream of the same applied by a syringe, will frequently be found desirable. The pulpy portions having been removed, the network must be bleached by the application of a weak solution of chloride of lime (an ounce of a strong solution to a quart of distilled water will be about the proper strength); and the skeletons should be soaked in it for some hours, generally three or four, but if very thick a longer time will be required. They should afterwards be washed in pure water and dried by exposing them freely to the light and air. These skeletons are beautiful objects for the drawing-room; but they must be placed under glass to preserve them from dust. Many will remember the very beautiful specimens which were exhibited by a lady at the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park in 1851.—*D.W.*

**ENLISTMENT FOR GENERAL SERVICE.**—Enlistment for general service will prove simply ruinous to the distinctive character of our national regiments. The recruiting sergeant of the Black Watch, the Gordon, or the Sutherland Highlanders, or the Ross-shire Buffs, knows right well that it is not in Charles-street where he need look for recruits, but in the Highlands of Scotland, where pensioners—Macs of every ilk—keep alive the warmth of affection for the corps that wear the tartan. If the 93rd at Inkermann had been recruited by general enlistment, would they have understood or appreciated Colin Campbell's proud request that he might wear their bonnet—or would he have thought it worth his while to pay the compliment to a congeries of heterogeneous nationalities, clad fortuitously in a livery which Scotsmen call tartan? Can the Connaught Rangers charge to any other war-cry than "Faugh a ballach," and who can shout "Faugh a ballach," or realise the spur of its stirring sentiment, that is not a full-blooded Irishman? We shudder to contemplate the consequences to the Scots Greys of enlistment for general service, for it is well authenticated that the troop horses in this gallant regiment refuse to recognise any stable orders which are not couched in the very broadest of "braid Scotch."—*London Scotsman*.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**—It has been suggested that the insurance business should be taken up by the government, but the propriety of such a course is open to grave doubt. By a recent Act the Postmaster-General was authorised to grant insurances on the lives of persons between the ages of sixteen and sixty, for not less than £20 or more than £100 on any one life, and also to grant immediate or deferred annuities of not more than £50 on the lives of persons of the ages of ten years and upwards. The advantages of such insurance and annuities are evident. Every person contracting for life insurance and for the purchase of annuities under this Act has the direct security of the government for the payment of the sum contracted for, and runs no risk whatever as respects the collection, or the investment of the money by the Post-office or the National Debt Office, or as respects the sufficiency or otherwise of the premium. Yet what have been the results? From the 17th April, 1865, when such business was commenced, to the 31st December, 1868, the Postmaster-General granted 1,072 contracts for annuities, immediate and deferred, for the amount of £22,501, and 1,882 contracts for sums payable at death for the amount of £141,681. This is the whole extent of the transactions in three years and three quarters. Compare this with the business of any insurance company. It is very true that the government never meant to compete with them, and that it only intended to supply a want among the labouring classes. But, as a matter of fact, government cannot do what private individuals can, and every attempt to constitute the government either a merchant, a banker, a manufacturer, or an insurer, for the public must inevitably fail. Let the bill so far advanced last session be taken up early next session. Let a registrar be appointed, not only to receive such returns, but to report upon them every year. Let the lesson now experienced act as a caution in the public mind, and no more need be asked or expected.—*Professor Leoni Levi*.

**HOME EDUCATION.**—I received no education but from my mother,—neither reading, writing, cyphering, nor anything else. My education was the example set me by my brothers. There has been, in my day, a good deal said about education, but they appear to me to put out of sight *example*, which is all in all. There was, in all the members of the family, a reliance on self, a true independence, and by imitation I obtained it.—*Sir C. Bell*.